

Newport



Mercury.

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.

VOLUME XCVI.

Selected Tale.

THE BLIND HARPIST.

NOT such a very long time ago—but when there were no railways, when steam navigation was in its infancy, and the electric telegraph not dreamed of—a journey to Cornwall was quite a formidable undertaking; while native inhabitants of that country regarded the more distant portion of the island population in the light of foreigners. Fluctuations, however, were as rare then in mining concerns, as they are known to be in these adventurous days—fortunes were made, and fortunes were lost; and when the latter reverse befel Mr. Traher, a great mining speculator, attended with many distressing circumstances, he had not strength of mind to bear up against calamity, but speedily sank beneath the blow, leaving three orphan children totally destitute. Harry, the eldest, a youth just about to leave school, obtained, through the influence of friends, an appointment in a mercantile house in India, whether he at once repaired. His sisters were considered particularly in his way, when a distant relation, respectfully settled in London, offered to receive the poor girls, and to retain one of them as nursery-governess in her own family, providing a similar situation for the other. It was a sad parting between the brother and sisters; for India seemed a vast deal farther off than it appears, and faint were the hopes they entertained of meeting in this world. And, indeed, these three never did meet again; for Mary, the eldest of the two girls, in process of time, became the wife of a thriving London merchant, and died while their only daughter was still a child. Ethel Traher, Harry's favorite sister, also became a wife; but her marriage dispensed her relation, who pronounced her positive conviction, that so pretty a creature might have done better. Mary—Mrs. Danvers, as she ought to be called—more than joined in the displeasure occasioned by Ethel's matrimonial choice; and not only cherished anger and unkindness in her own breast, but instilled the same feelings into the mind of her husband, and even taught her child to look down on "the Mordaunts." Letters from Henry were few and far between; but he was prospering; though fortune, in India, he said, were not made so quickly as they sometimes were in their own dear native Cornwall.

For some years, Mr. Mordaunt, Ethel's husband, who turned his talents to account by teaching drawing, contrived, by dint of ceaseless industry, to support his delicate and ailing wife in comfort, if not in affluence. Ethel also brought her husband one child, a fair daughter named after herself, whose sweet, affectionate disposition endeared her to both parent's hearts, and made amends to her mother for the loss of a sister's countenance and love. With deep emotion, however, Mrs. Mordaunt read in the public prints the announcement of this unforgiving sister's decease; and that no approach to a more familiar footing would be permitted by Mr. Mordaunt or the ladies; his presence was a check to social intercourse; Ethel demurely composed herself to fulfill an appointed task, like a girl in school hours; and Mrs. Mordaunt was absorbed with a book. Nevertheless Ethy soon ascertained that the young stranger was good looking, and had a very agreeable voice when addressing her father; and, as she learned the color of his eyes, and thought them the most penetrating and expressive dark eyes in the world. Herbert, also, though bussed from the moment of his entrance with the single purpose for which he was there, yet found opportunity to remark the graceful outline of the tall slight form, ever bending over needle work; and to detect the fact that Ethy's eyes were of the safest, loveliest violet color, shaded by silken fringes; and that in Ethy's long golden ringlets a kind of sunshine seemed to linger, though little of sunshine ever penetrated the close atmosphere she inhabited. Herbert being a quick observer, remarked also the old harp in the corner, and the flowers tastefully disposed in baskets; he saw, too, how often Mrs. Mordaunt's glance was earnestly and ardently fixed on her daughter, when she seemed to be engaged with the page open before her.

These drawing lessons had continued without interruption for some weeks, and Herbert frequently looked in at Mr. Danvers', but without mentioning the progress he was making in art—and of course the name of Mordaunt was never mentioned there—when the drawing master's increased weakness of sight obliged him to give up several of his pupils, Herbert was among the number. Vainly the young man strove to find some pretext for continuing his visits at more distant intervals; all his friendly overtures were received so coldly by Mr. Mordaunt, who was a proud man, in his way, that Herbert dared not persist, fearing to wound the feelings so much respected. He thought of the sick mother and sweet Ethy, both dependant on one whose affliction might eventually incapacitate him from working to support these dear and feeble beings. But Herbert was a stranger, and Mr. Mordaunt was not a man to encourage or foster the sympathy, of whose outward expression only he felt sure.

It seemed, indeed, as if fate was adverse to Herbert's wish to be on more friendly terms with his former master; for an interval of time had elapsed, when the young man appeared considerable, on calling at the door to inquire after the health of the family, he found that they had removed, and no one could afford him the slightest clue to their whereabouts.

"I'm afraid," said the fat landlady, "that the poor girl will get him into great distress, though he owed me nothing, and always paid me as regular as clock-work. But he was too honest to stay where he couldn't see his way clear, poor girl; and I don't much think he will see his way clear for long, anyhow; for his eyes failed him utterly before he went; and that failure of his blessed eyes was the cause of his leaving these elegant apartments, because he was obliged to give up his pupils. And I don't know what they will do, that I don't; for Miss Mordaunt was helpless, and Miss Ethy just like one

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING.

MAY 23, 1857.

NUMBER 4,985.

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.

1683.

journed to Boston, where they made up judgment for Connecticut. Rhode Island knew that the members of the court were among the enemies of her institutions, and policy, and concluded that they only meant to make a show of a trial and then give judgement against them. She relied more on her own means of retaining the country under her own authority, from the known preference of its local inhabitants, and also from the favor of her monarch, on which she often relied, and had ever been treated by him with parental kindness.

The court were evidently prejudiced against R. Island, as appears by the closing paragraph of their report to the King: as they there travel entirely out of the path of justice, and the merits of the case, into speculation as to what they supposed would be the consequences of placing the Narragansett country under so loose and weak a government.

BIOGRAPHY OF ROGER WILLIAMS.

He was born in Wales of respectable parents A.D. 1608, was educated at Oxford, was admitted to orders in the church of England, and officiated for some time as a minister of that church; but becoming a puritan, he rendered himself obnoxious to the laws in England and embarked for America.

He with his wife, whose name was Mary, arrived on the fifth of February, 1631, and on the April following, he was called by the church of Salem to be an elder under Mr. Skelton their pastor.

"Ethel!" cried Uncle Harry placing himself before the retreating pair, "are you Ethel too? And pray, what's your other name, and are you this worthy blind gentleman's wife or daughter?"

The female was silent, and evidently alarmed by this abrupt address, keeping tight hold of her companion's hand.

"Again the blind man spoke: 'This is my dear and only child,' he said; 'I do not know why we should be ashamed of mentioning our names, to one who has so bountifully rewarded our humble efforts.'

"My name, sir, is Mordaunt, and my daughter is called Ethel, after her dear mother."

"O merciful Providence!" cried Mr. Traher; "and is her mother living?"

"Yes sir," rather coldly replied the harpist, still retreating towards the door, and not understanding this unusual interest shown by a stranger.

"Poor Ethel!" sobbed Uncle Harry, now quite unmannered, and without ceremony, clasping the astonished harpist's hand, and reciting his progress. "Did you never hear her speak of Harry—her brother Harry? I'm he, Mordaunt! and I was going to advertise for you to-morrow; and now let me look at my niece! and he pulled away the slouched bonnet, and a shower of golden ringlets fell down the pale girl's shoulders; and Uncle Harry clasped her in his arms, crying, 'Tis poor Ethel herself; why is she not here?"

"Alas!" said Mr. Mordaunt. "Alas! she is alive to us, but dead to the world." And then, in a few words, drawing the blind man aside, Mr. Traher heard the lamentable tale of distress unfolded.

Miss Danvers had vanished; she would not stay to witness so terrible a denunciation before the servants. A wandering ballad singer her cousin! Oh, it was disgusting—it was not to be endured.

Uncle Harry found presently that it was time for him to think of a home elsewhere: and all his arrangements were zealously aided by Herbert Ruthford. So bidding farewell to Mr. Danvers and Laura, he soon returned to his beloved native country, accompanied by the poor Mordaunts; nor was the old harp left behind. Their troubles were over—so they declared, with deeply grateful hearts. It is true, one was stricken with paralysis, and, one was blind; but what of that? Even in their utmost desolation, God had heard their prayers, not left them to perish.

Mr. Traher casually mentioned to old Ruthford his intention to give his Ethy a handsome portion, provided she married to please him; and when Herbert signified his desire to run down into Cornwall to visit Mr. Traher, who had given him a hearty invitation, Mr. Ruthford senior offered no objection to the plan. It was some time ere Ethy could be induced to leave her parent, even to Uncle Harry's tender care; but on Herbert's promise of a long sojourn with them, he at length succeeded in carrying off his fair bride. The young couple resided near the metropolis; but Mrs. John Ruthford never would consent to call on Mrs. Herbert Ruthford, nor to own the relationship between them: for soon after Herbert's marriage with Ethel Mordaunt, Miss Danvers became the wife of John, her constant swain. But as this alienation did not disturb the even tenor of the flourishing business system pursued by Ruthford, Danvers & Co., nor ruffle the equanimity of Herbert and Ethy, one thought it worth their while to remonstrate with the proud and silly dame.

Uncle Harry and the blind man lived amicably together, long after poor Ethel had gone peacefully down to the grave. The old harp is preserved as a precious relic by Herbert's children; and he always declares the most fortunate day of his life to be that on which he commenced the morning drawing lessons.

At the General Assembly held at Newport at the house of Wm. Maize, the 6th day of May, 1684, and adjourned to the next day being the annual election.

Report.

James Barker, Sen. Ed. Thurston,
Thos. Ward, Walter Newbury,
Philip Smith, John Woodman,
Providence.

Stephen Arnold, John Whipple, Jr.
Henry Brown, Eusebius Oliver,
Portsmouth.

Wm. Woodell, Francis Brayton,
Caleb Arnold, Robert Deuts,
Warwick.

Benj. Smith, Moses Lippitt,
Saml. Gorton, Wextley.

Jeffry Champin, John Babcock,
New Shoreham.

Jam. Rathbone, East Greenwich.

Geo. Vaughn, Thomas Fry,
Ebenezer Slocum, Caleb Carr, Jr.

By Election were chosen.

WM CODDINGTON, Gov.

WALTER CLARKE, Dep. Gov.

Assistants.

John Easton, Caleb Carr,
John Coggeshall, Arthur Fenner,
Joseph Jencks, Richard Arnold,
John Albro, George Lawton,

Caleb Carr,
Arthur Fenner,
Richard Arnold,
George Lawton,

Business Cards.

**SAUER & HANSH & CO.,
File Manufacturers,**
No. 86 LONG WHARF.

NEWPORT, R. I.

17 Old Files at 11s per re-cut and warranted

equal to new. Recut files sold at low prices.

A trial is respectfully solicited.

Jan 17

T. HUMFORD SEABURY,

DEALER IN

Boots and Shoes of all Kinds,

NO. 140 THAMES STREET.

120 boots and Shoes made and repaired.

March 1.

T. & J. COGGESHALL,

Commission Merchants,

AND DEALERS IN

SHIP CHINA, SHIP STORES, &c.

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH IRON,

OF SUPERIOR QUALITIES.

Commercial Wharf,.....Newport, R. I.

Albert Sherman,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS & MILLINERY,

NO. 269

SOUTH THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

NATHAN M. CHAFFE,

PLUMBER, BRASS FOUNDER,

AND COPPER SMITH,

No. 210 THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Having attached to my shop a Horse Power, I am prepared to execute all orders with cheapness and despatch.

Feb 16.

EDWARD C. HAYES,

Boot & Shoe Maker,

NO. 7 WASHINGTON SQUARE

BEAR THE FOUNTAIN, NEWPORT, R. I.

Repairing promptly and neatly executed.

Feb 23.—14

JOHN H. GREENE,

DEALER IN

BOSS & DAVIS,

BREAD, CARE & CRACKER

BAKERS,

205 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT,

RA. S. Ross. SIMEON DAVIS.

WILLIAM B. HALE,

DEALER IN

BLISS'S ROID NURSERY,

Formerly of the firm of Burroughs & Greene,

SHOP No. 32 LEVIN STREET,

RESIDENCE No. 35 WILLIAM STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Repairing done with neatness and despatch.

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AUGUSTUS FRENCH,

DEALER IN

Bonnet and Millinery Goods,

No. 96 Thame street.

JOHN R. STANHOPE, JR.,

Shipping & Commission Merchant,

65 BROAD STREET,

NEW-YORK.

Orders for the Purchase and Shipment of Mer

chandise promptly executed.

Refers to Edward Corning, Esq. and Moses,

Stanton, Sheldon & Co.

June 21.

R. P. BERRY,

DEALER IN

COFFETS,

OFFICE—

CORNER OF THAMES AND MARY STREETS,

Newport, March 20, 1852.

HALLET, DAVIS & CO'S

PIANO FORTES,

Are acknowledged by Artists and Amateurs

to be equal to any, in the world for Brilliance of

Time, Beauty and Durability of Workmanship.

Room 407 Washington Street Boston.

Authorized Agent for Newport, A. J. WARD,

Thames Street, where a supply of their Instru

ments can always be found.

July 12.—ly

STOVES, &c.

DEALER IN

JOSEPH M. LYON,

PLUMBER, BRASS FOUNDER & COPPER SMITH

NO. 256, THAMES STREET,

NEWPORT, R. I.

Has constantly on hand a variety of Force &

Lift Pumps, of his own manufacture, while

he warrants equal, if not superior to any before

offered in this market.

Also Water Caskets, Wash Bowls, Croton and

Cochituate Faucets, and every description of

Plumbing materials of various qualities and

prices, as cheap as can be bought elsewhere.

Also, Free block Tin Pipe, warranted not to

injure the water in any way and fitted in the best

style to pumps and all other purposes.

Hand and Piped Castings made of all sizes of

hand, also all kinds of Brass and Composition

Castings made to order. Ship Castings of all

kinds on hand and made to order at short notice.

All orders attended to with neatness and

patch and all work Warranted.

March 8

STOVES, Tin Ware, &c.

THE SUBSCRIBER has in store a large assort

ment of Parlor and Cook Stoves, Tin Ware,

Ranges of most approved pattern set with care, and war

anted to work well. Jobbing punctually attend

ed to.

WILLIAM BROWNLIN,

Opposite R. I. Union Bank.

STOVES.

A large and select assortment of the best

Cooking Stoves now in use, consisting of the

Bailey, May Queen, Lily Dale, Sweet

Home, Golden Age and other patterns. Also

the new Parlor Stoves and other Stoves.

Also, all kinds of articles of tinware, and

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